

## The Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.  
Published Daily Except Sunday by the Free Publishing Company, Inc. 22  
BROADWAY, NEW YORK.  
Subscription Office: 22 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.  
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter  
October 3, 1879. Postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices.  
Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in  
Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 1, 1918.  
Postage paid by addressee.  
VOLUME 56. NO. 19,754

## HANDS OFF.

WE WONDER what would happen if the Government of the United States began to dictate to British industries how far and under what conditions they would be allowed to dispose of their products in the markets of the world.

Facts uncovered by The World show that through its Board of Trade Great Britain has undertaken systematically to coerce American manufacturers who depend upon raw materials obtained from British sources into promising to sell goods only in countries graciously designated by British authority. The hint that supplies of raw material will otherwise be cut off is assumed sufficient to bring American trade to terms.

Does Great Britain think that friendliness and neutrality are bound to pay tribute in such curtailment of commerce as a belligerent may deem to its advantage? The British Government should find it hard to persuade this nation that American trade need submit to such exactions.

## INGENUOUS MR. ARCHIBALD.

WHATEVER happens to Mr. James F. J. Archibald, war correspondent and international messenger boy, he can hardly fail to note on his return to his native land that neither his Government nor his fellow citizens share his views of what does or does not become a good American.

"I have got into this thing unwittingly and innocently," protests Mr. Archibald.

Maybe. But doesn't it seem a little singular that a man of Mr. Archibald's experience with the niceties, so to speak, of international adjustment should have accepted from the representative of a Government not his own a sealed communication to be delivered to that Government without expressing the slightest curiosity as to the contents?

Mr. Archibald may be as naive as he says he is. His case ought at any rate to have a thorough sifting in order to fix more accurately the amount of caution and common sense that may fairly be demanded of any American citizen under similar circumstances.

## WHY DID ROFRANO HOLD CITY OFFICE?

WHILE the police search for Michael Rofrano, accused of instigating the murder of Giamari, the public begins to feel a certain wonderment.

Before the Giamari affair Rofrano played low politics of a sort that must have been notorious in certain circles. He was a treacherous political panderer of the pistol-carrying type. Plenty of reputable persons connected with the city government knew enough about him to distrust him.

Yet this man was made Deputy Street Cleaning Commissioner and close advisers of the Mayor deemed him an ideal person to clean up graft in the Street Cleaning Department! Even when Commissioner Fetherston became disgusted with Rofrano's sneaking activities on the east side, the man's friends in the City Hall still insisted that he was a reformer and would make good.

Some of the Mayor's counsellors are either political innocents or they are easily fooled.

## MURDER BY ZEPPELIN.

CONTRADICTIONS in the stories of Americans and others who saw the Zeppelin raids on London Sept. 7 and 8 hardly surprise us. It seems pretty well established, however, that whole blocks and portions of blocks in the heart of the city were set on fire by bombs, that at least fifty persons were killed and that a bus with its load of nearly a score of passengers was blown to atoms somewhere near Trafalgar Square.

What satisfaction a civilized nation can find in such wanton massacre it is hard to see. Killing non-combatants and destroying shops, dwellings, museums and churches is easy enough if the instincts of a belligerent incline it that way. But we thought modern peoples calling themselves enlightened were less indifferent as to what the rest of the world and their own posterity might think of them. A fine heritage Germans of to-day are accumulating for their children.

## Hits From Sharp Wits.

When a person whom we like goes wrong it is easy to believe he was misled.—Toledo Blade.  
To get the reputation of being a good loser or break the branch after cutting his mouth shut.—Albany Journal.  
Too often the wages of sin are paid also to blameless persons.—Albany Journal.  
A stitch in time will often save one from embarrassment.—Pittsburgh Sun.  
The loser's smile is a feat of contortion.—Baltimore American.

## Letters From the People

**How to Slip a Rubber Plant.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Replying to H. K. Hudsonclutz: Taking slips from a large rubber plant is a delicate task, requiring patience. But it can be easily accomplished if the following rules are observed. After selecting the branch to be amputated (and have it straight, never a curved one), make an incision on the branch close to the parent stalk by cutting half way through the branch, in a slanting cut, not a level one. Be careful not to bend or break the branch after cutting the joint. Have a very sharp knife. The wound made will immediately bleed—a milky, sticky and self-protective fluid. At time of cutting have ready a small piece of very damp, green moss, the variety abounding moisture, not a haylike, dry stuff. Place a tiny piece of this moss in the wound, and then, with the thumb, push the moss down over the parent plant's half-healed wound. It will save shock to the parent.  
The young plant should not be exposed to strong sunlight after transplanting to its own home. The process of slipping a branch varies according to the condition of the moss and to the degree of energy in the main plant. It may be accomplished in a few weeks, sometimes longer. Rubber plants should have the under side of their leaves carefully washed at frequent intervals, then the upper side of the leaf, this latter portion kept in beautiful condition if one uses a mixture of sweet oil and cream. Apply with a soft flannel cloth and "polish" each leaf. The plant will respond by growing doubly in height over neglected plants.  
CHARLOTTE R. BANGE.

## The Greased Pig



By J. H. Cassel

## Reflections of A Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

Copyright, 1915, by The Free Publishing Co., (The New York Evening World).  
It is easier to keep half a dozen lovers guessing than to keep one lover after he has stopped guessing.

Every confirmed bachelor secretly believes that if he once allows the devil to drive him to marriage, marriage will drive him back to the devil.

Some men have such a talent for love making that as soon as they are sure that they are the only tenant in a woman's heart they want to sublet it and start hunting for another.

To the average man women are like pianos or music; he doesn't pretend to know anything about them, but he is always sure that he "knows what he likes."

The wit who remarked that "if women are books," he would prefer an almanac, which could be exchanged every year, should have lived in those rapid-fire days, when he might have wished for a telephone book, which can be exchanged every three months.

A wife's silent rebuke is a whole lot louder and more effective than the most eloquent raging in several languages.

In love, when a man's prudence begins to work, it is a sign that his heart has gone on a strike.

A woman is not old when she has lost her ability to infuse love, nor even when she has lost her ability to hold it, but on that tragic day when she discovers that she has lost her ability to feel it.

To a man, love is dead when its flower has withered; but a woman never gives up hope of reviving it until it has died clear down to the roots.

There is sometimes as much difference between being "a wife" and being "a married woman" as there is between "keeping house" and studying "domestic science."

## Things You Should Know

## What Fever Symptoms Mean.

WE are all more or less familiar with fever symptoms, and we know that they are merely manifestations of the presence in our blood of germs of disease and that a tremendous battle is being waged within. The body tries its best to throw off and out the rapidly accumulating poisons.

The hot and flushed face tells us that great quantities of poisoned blood are being pumped through the entire body, and nature's effort is to force out all the poison she can through the skin in the form of perspiration. The bounding pulse means that the heart is doing its best to pump the blood around the body, so that the poisons may be acted upon by the liver (which kindly destroys many), or that the poison may be burned up in the lungs and washed out by the kidneys. The quickened breathing which accompanies these conditions tells us that the effort the body is exerting, using all the four means of body elimination.

All that doctors and nurses can do during this battle is to help nature. No doctor can change the course of an infectious disease; do it expect that. All he can do is to probably shorten the struggle and perhaps make the more less distressing. Comparatively few drugs are used in today's war upon disease, though they will, no doubt, always be a tremendous help.

Think of the difference in treatment between a fever to-day and one a generation ago! Then the patients were shut up in hot, stuffy rooms, as fresh air was then feared; blankets and quilts were piled over the patient and even drinking cold water was discouraged, while the remedies in evidence in the sick room suggested a drug store. Now all that is changed; often in fever cases patients are placed directly out of doors—even in cold weather—to live during the attack, and, if not that, they live with windows thrown wide open. They can breathe better that way, as they need, of course, all the oxygen they can possibly get to help them burn up the poison in the lungs. To-day a fever patient is given all the cold water he wants to drink, and they often take gallons during twenty-four hours. Think how all this water helps nature to rid the entire system, flushing it out through skin and kidneys.

Instead of smothering a fever patient with quilts he is to-day given cold packs and ice-cold baths. By the old treatment we hindered nature, and now we try intelligently to help her. There is little else we can do. Research workers are endeavoring constantly to find out just what the nature of antitoxin is, which the white corpuscles manufacture, so that they can give it early to prevent and cure. This antitoxin remains in the human body for years, thus protecting that body against a second attack of the same disease—even for a lifetime. Is it not wonderful our blood is full not only of food and wastes but of natural stimulants and restorers of the body balance generally?

## Dollars and Sense

By H. J. Barrett.

Copyright, 1915, by The Free Publishing Co., (The New York Evening World).  
An Endless Chain Scheme Which Worked Successfully.

"OUR letters are good, Churchill," said Jacobs, President of the Jacobs-Collins Company. "They're simple, direct and full of cordial human interest. They're certainly selling our machines to the farmers."

"But it occurred to me the other day that we ought to devise some plan for capitalizing the good will of our customers as we gain them; some plan to utilize their services in introducing our product in their neighborhoods."

"Something in the way of a special inducement, offering them a commission on every sale made through their efforts might work well," suggested the advertising man. "I'll work out the details and submit them to you."

"How does this strike you?" inquired Churchill a day or two later. And he handed Jacobs a letter. "It should help," said Jacobs, "to add, 'First, in closing the initial sale, and second, in making additional sales.' Jacobs read part of the letter aloud: 'From your previous letters, I know that you're in the market for a gasoline engine. But you haven't bought, perhaps because you didn't want to tie up your money in that way at just the present moment. Now, then, here's a proposition that will certainly interest you. If after placing your order with us, you will send us the names of, say, ten or twenty good farmers in your locality who seem to you to be good prospects for one of our engines, we will pay you \$7.50 on every engine sold through your efforts. We will write them, explaining the merit of our engine and tell them to go over to your farm to see it in operation. All you have to do is to let them see it run. No

"The INLAND ENGINE CO." "That's the idea!" exclaimed Jacobs enthusiastically. "We can easily afford to pay that commission. And as a clincher of sales to half-convinced prospects it should be a wonder. It merely means that every engine sold will be sold two or three more in its vicinity."

Results proved this prediction to be correct. The sales of the INLAND ENGINE CO. on this feature as by far the strongest factor in its sales campaign. What sales influence could surpass that of thousands of satisfied users systematically boosting for one's product?

## Jungle Tales for Children

"How is your garden getting along?" asked the Little Bird of Mister Elephant one afternoon. "Very well, indeed," answered the Big Fellow. "I hope in a short time that my hay will have some bales on it."

"Bales do not grow on hay," said the Little Bird. "Besides, hay is grass that has been dried."

"I see," said the Big Fellow. "You are very kind to tell me all about my own garden. Don't you think I know something about it?" "Yes, indeed," replied the Little Bird. "Is your garden getting along?" asked Mr. Elephant of his companion.

"It is getting along nicely," said the Little Bird. "I hope to have some succotash of my own garden soon."

"Some what?" asked the Big Fellow. "Some succotash. Didn't you ever eat succotash?" asked the Little Bird. "Yes, I have eaten succotash, but I did not know it grew in a garden," said the Big Fellow. "I asked you, didn't I?" asked the Little Bird. "When she told him he would be would get even with the Little Bird for fooling him."

## The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

Copyright, 1915, by The Free Publishing Co., (The New York Evening World).

MRS. JARR drew her husband into the semi-darkness of the hall and kissed him again. This surplussage of unwelcome affection may be understood when it is explained that after kissing Mr. Jarr again she whispered tensely, "Why didn't you telephone me you were bringing company home for supper?"

Mr. Jarr might have excused himself by saying he didn't know he was bringing company home for supper, but that the company had coolly come along without an invitation.

"Well, it's a good thing it is not somebody I care about," said Mrs. Jarr, seeing her husband made no defense. "It's only that man Dinkston, and he'll be glad enough to have a cold supper."

"Well, how is the poetry and verse business since I saw you last?" asked Mr. Jarr, as he rejoined his guest.

"I woo the muse but seldom now; I have gone in for histrionics—the silent drama—since I saw you last, many months ago," explained the ex-poet.

"Do you have been in the movies?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Tell me about it; it must be interesting."

"The recital is too long," replied Mr. Dinkston. "Then, too, I should wish our fair hostess to hear the strange story, so after we have dined I will tell you all."

Having thus assured himself of a supper Mr. Dinkston retained a gloomy silence and ate heartily of the cold viands.

"And now," he said, when the feast was over and he with his host and hostess had returned to the sitting room, "and now for the strange story of what has filled my life with wild adventuring in the many months since we have met. Would you believe it, but appendicitis drove me to the silent drama."

"Yes," Mr. Dinkston continued, "it was appendicitis that drove me to the silent drama. I had quit literature for the stage and was playing the part of Mephisto in a travelling company. I had been selected for this leading role because of my melancholy appearance and also because the manager had heard me laugh diabolically when my wife trailed me to Newark, O., and attached my salary for alimony in arrears."

"I should think this was no laughing matter," ventured Mr. Jarr. "Hear me out," replied the melancholy ex-poet. "The company had not paid a salary in six weeks."

"But the appendicitis that drove you into moving pictures?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"I think," said the ex-poet, "that Uncle Tom's Cabin and Faust are the only two dramas of the old school that have survived the moving picture tidal wave. Just as 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' must have negro jubilee singers and Siberian bloodhounds, just so must 'Faust' be produced with three dollars' worth of fireworks at every performance—billed as 'stupendous electrical effects'—and the glowing, diabolical laughter of Mephisto."

"Well?" inquired Mr. and Mrs. Jarr in unison.

"It is far from well," replied the ex-poet gloomily. "Did you not know that a glowing, diabolical laugh is different from a cheerful, happy, carefree, joyous laugh? The carefree, joyous laugh of innocent merriment

## Dinkston's Serial "Movie Drama" Is Sold at "Supper Space Rates"

comes from the heart. The diabolical, gloating laugh, such as Mephisto indulges in at the frailty of mankind, comes from the stomach, the pit of the stomach!"

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Jarr; "go on!" "Laughing diabolically on one-night stands, where I can assure you a laughing hyena could find nothing to incite his risibility, has a dreadful effect upon the gastric system—that and the lack of edible food in the so-called hotels of the provincial theatrical circuit wrought the ruin. Those gloating laughs upon an irritable and empty stomach brought on appendicitis, and when the operation was over I found to my dismay that Mephisto's occupation was gone. No more was I able to laugh diabolically, and the show closed and I secured an engagement in moving pictures."

"How did you make out in moving pictures?" asked Mr. Jarr.

The ex-poet shifted up his frayed cuff as though consulting an invisible wrist watch. "An important engagement calls me hence," he said, "but I shall tell you of my experiences 'playing on the dime,' as my confederates of the silent drama style it, to-morrow evening after dinner." And he stalked gloomily away.

Mrs. Jarr is anxious to hear, and wonders what Mr. Dinkston would like for dinner.

## So Wags the World

By Clarence L. Cullen

Copyright, 1915, by The Free Publishing Co., (The New York Evening World).

OF course the Man with the Mucilaginous Mitt did not make the war, but the wheeze "War times are hard times" has been a made-to-order boon and blessing for the Tightwad.

Feminine Fatalities: I have to do all of the horrid, wearisome fat-hunting while my husband sits with his feet cocked up on his desk at his office all day with not a single, solitary thing to do but read the papers and look out of the window.

It's queer how some women who want to vote will let the milkman collect the same bill from them twice in the same week.

We know a man who claims to have become a chronic dyspeptic solely by suggestion, from seeing, he says, his wife eat eight or ten hunks of chocolate candy in the morning just before she dips keenly into the bacon and eggs.

Whenever we see two blithe, confident young married couples start out to keep house together in the same house, or apartment, we know that they'll never need to go to the European front to find out the meaning of War.

Says Sam, the Superman: "Maybe you've noticed that about five feet one inch or so above the hem of a silhouette skirt you'll nearly always find a silhouette head."

There's something pathetic about the way the bright, ambitious little wife of a big, sluggish dud of a man will fix up the nicest room in his little apartment and solemnly call it his "study."

The venomosity with which Englishmen are calling their leaders "muddled" is only equaled by the vitriol with which they resent it when a non-Englishman seconds that motion.

The Domestic Amenities—SHE: "You know perfectly well that I could have married a dozen men as good as you, a good deal better, in fact." HE: "Well, don't blame me if you were so insane over me as all that."

## Fables of Everyday Folks

By Sophie Irene Loeb

Copyright, 1915, by The Free Publishing Co., (The New York Evening World).

**When Woman Pursues.**  
ONCE upon a time there was a woman. She was an attractive woman. She had good parents and a comfortable home.

She never did any hard work, and her day dreams had but one theme—when would HE come?

She had a number of admirers, yet none that seemed to her to be Mr. Right.

But as Cupid is always "on the job" especially when he has a pretty girl for a target, so there came one who seemed to have all the attributes that she had dreamed about. And in fact he had.

When the spirit moved her ANY TIME she would ring him up on the phone, to say a lot of nothingness. On such occasions, when he was right in the midst of an important deal, she would demand more time than usual and would feel "very angry" if he seemed to "cut her off."

He had to answer for that. Often when he could not keep an appointment with her, a storm of queries would greet him. "Where were you?" "Do I bore you?" "Are you tired of me?"

On occasions she would run down to his office. Just to ride home with him. And so it continued until the man grew weary—very, very weary of her. Her RUNNING AFTER HIM. Their comradeship became strained. He came less frequently, and by and by he did not come at all.

The girl wondered what was the matter. She still kept on writing letters, telephoning, etc., but this lack of pride on her part rather disgusted the man. In a word, she lost him.

However, this first was not a lesson to her. Another came. She pursued him in the same way. He, too, lost interest and came no more.

The girl grew older and lost her good looks. She became a walkflower in the garden of love, and wondered why. Mr. Right passed her way several times, but she insisted on dragging the net of pursuit around him. She showed his interest and admiration for the girl.

He sent her flowers and candy and invited her to dine, and did all that is usual in the heyday of courtship. The girl accepted all, but evidently the affair did not progress rapidly enough for her. When she felt that he cared, she wanted him to care MORE, and this is what she did.